R I O T.

A

MOCK HEROIC POEM.

IN

THREE CANTOS.

By CHRISTOPHER CLIMAX, Esq;

THE SECOND EDITION.

Την μεν παρασκευην ορατε, ω ανδρες, και την παρασκευην, οση γεγονεναι, και τας κατα την αγοραν δοκησεις, ας ενηρξεν ο ανθρωπος των εκπαλαι και συν κακοις, υπερ τε τα μετρια και τα συνηθη μη γιγνεσθαι εν τη πολει.

Æschinis contra Ctesiphontem oratio, sub incepto.

SUNT QUIBUS IN SATYRA VIDEAR NIMIS ACER——HOR.

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PREFACE.

THE *locality of the ſubject of the following poem, and the haſte with which it was neceſſarily written, will, it is hoped, reſcue it from all ſeverity of criticiſm. The author, however, dared not to ſubmit it to the judicious eye without ſome apology for its deficiencies, but yet hopes that the title-page will plead in its excuſe. It was occaſioned by a trifling diſturbance in the town of C——ge, raiſed by ſome young gentlemen in liquor, which, at the inſtigation of a certain litigious Doctor, was followed by a proſecution the moſt malevolent, a trial the moſt incompetent, and a ſentence the moſt inconſiſtent and injudicious that ever were known in this univerſity. I muſt beg leave to apologize to Meſſrs. L—e and W———n for introducing them into ſuch company; but hope and think their good ſenſe precludes all poſſibility of offence.*

P R E F A C E.

TO

JOHN B———, ESQ.

THE cuſtom of dedicating to the moſt worthy characters, poetical compoſitions of *every* ſort, but more eſpecially of that which celebrates the virtues of eminent men, ſo *ſimilar* to the dedicatee', cannot with the leaſt decorum be omitted on this occaſion. Your public and private virtues, and the elegance of your underſtanding (both uncontaminated by an impure idea, from either the *candor* of your *conſcience*, or the malevolence of your enemies): the *grateful ſenſibility* which you have ever diſtinguiſhed for favors of every ſort; your wonderful abilities as a *peace-maker*; your excellent addreſs in every capacity: theſe all would *compel* me (even though I were diſinclined) to ſubmit this humble offering to the *pure* and *diſintereſted* hands of Mr. B———. I cannot but regret my peculiar misfortune, that I never experienced your exquiſite

talents

talents as an *advocate*; but doubt not that the goodneſs of your heart, and (give me leave to add, your predominant paſſion) *gratitude*, for this by no means *flattering* dedication, would render your benignity to me equally conſpicuous, as it ever has ſhone forth, in the ſervice of all, who have had the happineſs to experience your patronage.

With the greateſt devotion to your *manifold virtues*, and the moſt profound ſubmiſſion to your innumerable excellencies and accompliſhments,

I am, Sir,

Your moſt devoted and ever admiring

Humble ſervant,

July 18, 1780. CHRISTOPHER CLIMAX.

CAN-

CANTO I.

THE midnight crash, to L——e the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing!
Say, what could prompt, what envious power could drive
To mad extremes the sobereſt man alive?
To dare, with voice profane, traduce the *Fair*,
The pride of SNOB, and every barber's care;
Say, reverend Camus, to thy peaceful shore
What fiend accurs'd these bickering jargons bore?
What dæmon, rising from his native hell,
Breath'd rage and discord with contagious spell?

Hot with Oporto's grape each jovial soul,
(And drain'd the treasures of the festive bowl,)

Forth iſſuing, wide o'er Granta's ill-pav'd way,
Spread to the ſnoring natives dire diſmay;
The ſportive halloo and the clam'ring ſong
Shrill through the ſtreets alarm the yawning throng;
Promiſcuous Calumny profuſely pours
On *vartous* girls the ſhocking term of w——;
Nay, on the money'd cit, who apes the vogue,
The vile opprobrium of low-bred r——;
While at each door the thund'ring kick refounds,
Noiſe echoes noiſe, and clamour clamour drowns.
Hark! how the female voice, diſtinctly loud,
Deals execrations on the jeering croud,
'Till drowſy SNOB, with all his naked crew,
Burſts from his crazy hatch to ſudden view:
The club herculean waxed to his hand,
What force can ſtay, what mortal can withſtand!
Unhappy L——e! on thee the cumb'rous weight
Fell as directed by the hand of Fate.
No goddeſs interpos'd, no genius came
To ſave thy carcaſe or to heal thy ſhame;

E'en

E'en W——n's ſelf unable too was found
To raiſe thy proſtrate body from the ground.
But ſurely great reward for ev'ry blow
Did S——y's kick and B——y's pinch beſtow,
When their ſweet bodies downward to the waiſt
Glow'd with a Cyprian elegance of taſte.
How heav'nly from their coral lips diſtill'd,
How ſweetly on thine ear their blaſtings trill'd!
When each, like *Trulla**, ſtriding o'er thy breaſt,
With her dear little *puds* thy viſage preſt:
Or with her heel-tap on thy paſſive head
The various colours of the rainbow ſpread!
Unhappy youth! how little then were ſeen
The terrors of the future formal ſcene!
When pride and dulneſs, ſtill to error true,
Stamp'd the record of ſhame—*where leaſt 'twas due.*

With blood, and blows, and curſing fairly tir'd,
Snob with his amazons at length retir'd,

And

* Vide Hudibras,

And overjoy'd with victory ſo cheap,
They roar'd applauſe and laugh'd themſelves to ſleep.
Now free'd from durance vile, and viler blows,
With Hudibraſtic* coolneſs L——e aroſe,
Felt ev'ry wound with more than *ſtoic* ſcorn,
Repreſs'd his paſſion and diſdain'd to mourn;
Then ſtagger'd homeward to his much-lov'd bed,
With all his imperfections on his head.†

Thus when the ſavage Ruſs, unknown to fear,
On the wild leopard hurls the whizzing ſpear,
The mighty beaſt, transfixed to the ground,
Scorns to betray the anguiſh of his wound;
But growling vengeance, ev'ry effort tries
Which ſinewy ſtrength or art affords to riſe;
Then grimly (limping) ſeeks his dreary cave,
O'er ev'ry pain victoriouſly brave.

* The philoſophy of this gentleman is too well known to require a critical diſſertation.

† Vide Hamlet.

CAN-

CANTO II.

NOW hov'ring gently o'er the midnight gloom
Sleep to the breeze expands his trembling plume,
And calmly joys each wearied eye to close,
Pleas'd to regain the comforts of repose:
'Tis silence all—save where with bassoon-roar
Is heard the echoing of some dismal snore,
Or screaming " dreadful to the troubled air"
The curtain-lecture of some angry fair.
But SNOB, with dreams of horrid dye oppress'd,
The pond'rous night-mare on his heaving breast,
No thoughts could comfort, no position ease,
E'en JOAN's mellifluous accents fail'd to please.
When lo! his curtain (horrible to tell)
Spontaneous from the trusty *packthread* fell,

And glided dreadful to his quaking bed
A form all glaring with the lightning's red,
Around his viſage hiſſing ſnakes entwin'd,
One eye of fiery glow, the other—*blind*;*
Forth from his noſtrils breath'd ſulphureous fire,
Around him " gorgons and chimeras dire;"
With voice of dire report he ſilence broke,
While ſhivering SNOB lay panting as he ſpoke:——

" My name is MALICE†—from the realms below
" I come, to all thy foes an hearty foe;
" Fear not, my SNOB, the lightning's livid blaze,
" Nor dread upon my ghaſtly *eye* to gaze,
" To thee no harm my hiſſing ſnakes impart,
" The mere convictions of my hell-born art.

" Say,

* It has been imagined, from the ſimilarity of this proſopopœia, that the author *had in his eye* a certain *crab-faced undignified dignified dignitary*. If there be any ſimilarity of feature, he cannot object to any application whatever.

† It has been thought that this name gives a ſtronger ſimilarity to the dignitary *ſquinted at* in the preceding note.

" Say, ſhall theſe Sons of Riot, proudly vain,
" Inſult the realms of thy nocturnal reign?‡
" Irreverend dare thy ſacred ſtaff defy,
" The repreſentative of Majeſty?
" Say, ſhall thy girls, with w———m on their name,
" Become the ſtandards of the public ſhame?
" Revenge! Revenge!—with aggrandizing weight
" I come, to ſecond and advance thine hate."

Snob.] ' Unpractis'd in the tricks of Granta's laws,
' Vain were my labors though ſo great my cauſe;
' My blundering head, by nature trebly *thick'd*,
' Where I ſhould ſtrong affirm, would contradict;
' While juggling gownſmen (curſe their bookiſh pride)
' Would jeer contempt.'

Mal.] " In MALICE then confide.
" Clad in the human form (unknown before)
" *My Son*, whom gorgon'd Envy to me bore,

" *My*

‡ It is obſerved by the learned Scriblerus, that SNOB officiated at this time in a department of civil authority, which conſtitutes the perſon poſſeſſed of that dignity, *The greateſt man in the pariſh---when all the reſt are aſleep*.---VANBRUGH.

" *My Son,** a fiend of more than helliſh mind,
" For ev'ry meanneſs from his birth deſign'd,
" Hackney'd and glorying in each ſordid art,
" Unknown to ev'ry goodneſs of the heart;
" When ruin dreadful thunders o'er his head
" Ungrateful to the hand which gives him bread;
" Haughty to thoſe he ne'er deſigns to pay,
" Yet meanly ſervile in Misfortune's day;
" Who, when the pitying band conſpir'd to ſave,
" Stung, like the ſerpent, for the life they gave.
" BALATRO"——

Snob.] ' Oh! the name my ſoul inſpires,
' New courage fills me, and new vengeance fires;
' To him with pleaſure I my cauſe confide,
' A worthy object of his father's pride.'

Mal.]

* Another critic, abundantly ſkilled in genealogy, aſſerts, that it is impoſſible that the *monſtrum informe cui lumen ademptum* could be the parent of one inferior to the character of his ſon ; and that as nature affords only one ſuch example, it muſt be he who *ſcurvily pleads for the town.*---(R.)---The character alluded to by R. affords us a melancholy inſtance how low the depravity of the human heart can deſcend. A character who uniformly, in the purſuit of every contemptible action, betrays the ingratitude of his principles, and the malignity of his heart. After receiving a charitable ſupport from the benevolent contributions of gentlemen of the univerſity of Cambridge, at a time when his unbounded extravagance had brought him to ruin, with the utmoſt ingratitude he ſought every occaſion which his office could afford, of bringing into trouble the preſervers of his *liberty*.---*Omne dicis maledictum ſi ingratum hominem, dixeris.*---SER.

Mal.] "But wiſely, O my SNOB, thy plan purſue,
" And be thy vengeance aim'd at very few;
" Leſt in promiſcuous charges of the throng,*
" Diſgrace nor ruin compenſate thy wrong.
" On the wide green, from poiſonous herbs to drain
" The bittereſt juice of agonizing pain,†
" When morning dawns my darkling ſon is found
" Blaſting the wholeſome verdure of the ground;
" For miſchief ripe he forms his well-ſworn lies,
" In ſpecious truth has falſhood in diſguiſe;
" In Virtue's cleareſt cauſe he'll find a flaw,
" Skill'd in each dirty ſubterfuge of law;
" Stranger to all compunction of the mind,
" Callous to conſcience as to honour blind;
" Beneath his ſanction conqueſt *muſt* enſue,
" Ever as born to vice to miſchief true."

 This

* This was literally the caſe. SNOB, on being aſked concerning the identity of another perſon to whom he had prematurely ſworn, replied, " Mr. ----- was there, but I let him off;" notwithſtanding which, the court *would* not, in this inſtance, ſee the *malice* of the proſecution.

† It has been wondered that I ſhould give to Balatro ſo horrid an employ, *riſum teneatis*. Botany is a favourite ſtudy of this accompliſhed perſonage.

This ſaid, with lightnings from his clouded wings
A thouſand horrors round the room he flings,
And ſudden ſinking in the groaning ground,
With ſmoke ſulphureous fills the room around;
Quick to the *ſtring* the ſpringing curtain roſe,
And SNOB once more enjoy'd a calm repoſe.

Thus, when the roſin lightnings direful rage,
And bowling thunder ſhaking Drury's ſtage,
Proclaim the *vaniſh* of ſome diſmal ghoſt,
We gape, we ſtare, and are in wonder loſt;
'Till at ſome lamentable ſpeech moſt deep,
We groan, out-ſtretch, and yawn ourſelves to ſleep.

CAN-

CANTO III.

WESTWARD retiring, gloomy and forlorn,
Now Night retreats before the golden Morn,
Who deck'd in all her orient purple pride,
With new-born ſplendor gilds the welkin wide;
Now luſty Labor, whiſtles o'er the ground,
And roſeate Health ſpreads perfumes all around;
And Sport, ariſing from his chearful dream,
Leaps up and dances in the Morning's beam:
All joy and rapture—ſave where moody, ſlow,
BALATRO's ſteps ſpread horror where they go.
I ſee his long, lank carcaſe bending down,
Wrapt in the foldings of a M——'s gown—
Clad in a *gown!* the dire diſgrace proclaim—
Recoiling Camus ſhudders at the ſhame;

Grim

Grim o'er the ſmiling ſcene I ſee him low'r,
Demanding aconite from ev'ry flow'r;
Mark how with multiplied diſtortions vile,
The grin malignant lights the face of guile!
Some drug of more than common poiſon's there;
His fiend-like features thus his joy declare.
" Scalded with violent haſte and ſpeedy ſpleen,"*
Now SNOB comes hurrying on with broiling mien;
Enraptur'd views BALATRO's hideous form,
And in his viſage reads the future ſtorm:
Forewarn'd by MALICE, him BALATRO ſpies,
A haggard pleaſure darting from his eyes;
A mutual joy enliven'd each glad face,
Sympathy ſtrengthen'd by the warm embrace.
Here firſt the well-forg'd lye receiv'd its frame,
The oath, high-bounding over truth and ſhame;
Each craft to cheat, each ſemblance to perſuade,
Here all th' artillery of BALATRO's trade.

Prepare,

* " Oh! I am ſcalded with my violent haſte
" And ſpleen of ſpeed."---*Shakeſpeare's K. John.*

Prepare, my Muſe! prepare the ſtrain ſublime,
In all its glories deck the pompous rhyme,
Themes unattempted muſt adorn the ſong,
D——rs and L——rs, a tremendous throng.
Aloft in full-blown dignity of wig,
In pomp moſt clumſy, and in look moſt *big*,
Seated "in awful ſtate" mark JUDEX lower,
Tremble, ye culprits! tremble at his power!
Around him *ſculls* of various orders ſee,
Wig'd and unwig'd, toupee'd and *ſans toupee*,
Curl'd and uncurl'd, be-colour'd and be-black'd,
In prim compactneſs, wig, gown, band exact,
Formal and ſtiff in dignify'd grimace,
Glew'd faſt each muſcle of each wizen'd face:
Pleas'd at their due decorum, o'er the band
Dullneſs waves round her ſoporific wand,
But met poor *Farmer** with a ſtupid ſtare,
And wonder'd how the devil he came there!

* It were needleſs here to beſtow an encomium on a gentleman whoſe name is indelibly written on the heart of every individual in the whole univerſity: who, though he could not totally prevail on this occaſion, yet, by the liberality of his ſentiments, greatly mitigated the puniſhment of the young gentlemen *accuſed*.---C. C.

" Room for BALATRO!"—Hark! from all the croud
The ſecret hiſs, and execration loud!
View well that viſage! Mark that jaundic'd eye,
That front where all the brood of miſchief lie!
To vice how glad he hurries on apace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face!
But mark how gently creeping into light,
Old MALICE riſes from the realms of night,
In ****'s form! in ****'s ruſty trim
He glares upon the court—the court on him:*
No ſnakes, as erſt, his ill-form'd pate o'er-top,
But *well-trim'd bob*, freſh powder'd from the ſhop;
No livid lightnings round his viſage play,
No *eye* of fire, but mild its *varied* ray,
No brow of more than mortal horror ſee,
But merely ſtamp'd as v——'s brow ſhould be;
Fronting BALATRO, grinning with delight,
On his *ſon*'s phiz he gratifies his ſight;

Nods

* The impudence of this Cacodæmon in taking the form of one, who a few months ago was ſo greatly diſgraced in this place, is aſtoniſhing.---R.

Nods his applauſe, and winks with meaning eye
Where beſt to aim the well-directed lye;
And now on SNOB with joyous grin looks down,
Then petrifies each culprit with a frown.

But oh! what Muſe with leſs than Cibber's fire
Could trace BALATRO, and his hell-born ire,
Through all the maze of all-confounding law,
Repeat each "inſtance," or record each "ſaw!"‡
Or picture JUDEX in his chair of ſtate,
"Great in the little, little in the great!"§
Or ſay, when Truth ſpoke forth from *Farmer*'s tongue,
How deaf were all the ſoporific throng!
"How abject, how auguſt," how deeply-read,
How learn'd, how ignorant was each wig-top'd *Head!**
Culprits, ſtand forth! a ſentence! come, prepare!
(How ſmiling Dullneſs waves her golden hair!†)

Liſt!

‡ "Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances."---*Shakeſpeare's As you like it.*

§ Εν δι μικροις μεγας ειστι, μεγιστοις ειστι δι μικρος—*Græc. Prov.*

* The wife of a certain *collegiate præſes* obſerved, "We Heads never mingle with the inferiors of the univerſity;" meaning all under a *certain rank*. Hence the author makes uſe of this expreſſive metaphor.---*Scrib.*

† "And Hope enchanting ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."---*Collins.*

Liſt! Liſt! Oh liſt! to all aloud ſhe cries;
O yes! O yes! behold great JUDEX riſe!
Silence! great JUDEX riſes from his chair;
A Daniël! a ſentence! come, prepare!
Slowly he roſe with horrible grimace,
Quaking with terror all his pudding face,
And then with buſtling vaſt, and grand parade,
Fix'd tight his wig, and thus his *pow'rs* diſplay'd:
" I fondly hop'd, alas! I hop'd in vain,
" To cloſe in peace my little annual reign;
" Hop'd, to all trials and all ſchools unknown,
" To ſleep the year and lay my ſheep-ſkin down;
" When lo! diſturbing from my tranquil ſnore,
" Complaining hundreds croud around my door,
" And SNOB, the foremoſt of the noiſy throng,
" Loudly demands attonement for his wrong.
" Ye culprits ſay—but hold—ye need not ſpeak!
" How have ye dar'd my dread repoſe to break?
" What tho' from ev'ry charge alledg'd you're free,
" Tho' un convicted, guilty ſtill to me:

" To men (like me) of *wiſdom*, what avail
" The varniſh'd gildings of a ſpecious tale?
" What though no evidence *confirms* your guilt,
" My judgment on my private thought is built!
" When youths tranſgreſs the bounds of due decorum,
" With proper puniſhments 'tis mine to *lower 'em*.
" Mark, L——e, my ſentence! mark it, and perpend!
" To SNOB thy knee in due ſubmiſſion bend.
" W——n to SNOB thy due obedience pay;
" Submit—no words—'tis I command—obey!
" But greater penalties await than theſe
" The violation of a C———'s eaſe;
" Full fourteen days mark L——e to faſt and pray,
" And purge the foulneſs of thy crime away,
" And faſt, confin'd in durance to thy room,
" Without one ray of light to chear thy gloom;
" On bread and water make thy ſcanty meal,
" My ſentence this——pronounc'd beyond repeal.——
" W———n perpend! half that appointed time
" Faſt thou, like him, in darkneſs for thy crime."

He ended*—and in Dullneſs' raviſh'd ear
So charming trill'd, ſhe ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear;
And each wig'd *ſcull* around him grinn'd applauſe,
On ſuch a great defence of Granta's laws,
While Dullneſs o'er him, with a loud all-hail,
Pours forth the odours of her myſtic ale;
Like Aaron's oil in copious ſtreams it flows,
Slavers his beard and gliſters on his cloaths,
And with a wreath of poppies binds his brow,
Of Morpheus once the joy, of Dulneſs now.
Thus, when array'd in all the prieſthood's pride,
The *ſkins* and entrails dangling on each ſide,
The prieſtly Hottentot, ſublimely great,
Spouts forth his *oleum* on ſome favour'd pate;
The bleſs'd receiver to his tallow'd ſkin
Scrubs the regaling juice and *rubs it in,*
'Till ſome fine wreath of *gut* his zeal repays,
At which the nations wonder while they gaze.

* It is impoſſible for the moſt able writer to *do* the Doctor's ſpeech with that preciſion and elegance with which it was ſpoken. All I could do was merely to take the heads of this moſt admirable & *ultra Ciceronian* oration.—*C. C.*

FINIS.